

Fallen Stars

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Fallen Stars

by [asterialunar](#)

Summary

They take the Hogwarts train going all the way...

Notes

Hey everyone! This is my attempt to write a marauders fiction. I don't claim that my story will be completely different from other ones you read but I'll do my best to come up with original ideas. I have lots of headcanons that I'd like to share. Looks like it's gonna be a long journey. Hope we can make it till the end

Finally if you want to be mutuals you can add me on insta or tumblr by @asteria.luna

Jelly Slugs and Licorice Wands

September 1st, 1971

It was crowded.

More crowded than he was ever used to.

Of course, there were times when his house was so crowded with strangers he had seen for the first time. Men and women in black robes would walk around, hurriedly, discussing things he couldn't quite comprehend. In those times he would feel invisible. None of the adults would notice he was there.

But the crowd he was in right now was even bigger than that. At his house there would be ten or twenty people at most. Now there were hundreds of them. Not just adults too.

Children. Around the same age as him.

Usually he would feel so small in the crowd, back at home. Now the crowd around him was making him excited.

He was getting stares. He was being noticed.

Deep down, he knew the reason behind those stares. It wasn't about him. It was his mum. Walpurga Black. She was keeping her head high. Looking proud. Looking down on everyone. And his father. Orion Black. His existence in a place was enough to make others uncomfortable.

Everyone knew who they were. They could guess. Hence, the stares.

But Sirius was not feeling bad about it. He'd liked being seen. He felt like he mattered. It wasn't a feeling he was accustomed to.

"Time to go," his mother announced. He nodded, quite nervous to look at her directly in the eye.

"Makes us proud." His father said. Sirius looked at him and nodded though he wasn't sure how he was supposed to do that.

He was to be chosen to Slytherin, he knew that of course. But it wasn't even something he could control. So what else could he do to make his parents proud? He was uncertain.

He wasn't expecting a good-bye hug. So he attempted to leave. He stopped moving when he heard his little brother's voice.

"Siri," the voice said. Only then, Sirius realized. Going to Hogwarts meant not being with his brother for a whole year.

He was so keen on the idea to go to Hogwarts that he hadn't give a thought to the fact that he would be apart from him.

"Oh," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"You'll write to me won't you?" Regulus asked.

“Of course I will.” Sirius said.

They both looked like they wanted to say something more but Walpurga Black interrupted the two young boys.

“Come on Regulus. We shall leave so your older brother can go. Being late is a sign of weakness.”

She opened her mouth to say something else but Sirius finished her sentence for her. “And Blacks don’t show any weakness. Yes mum. I know.”

“Good,” Walpurga nodded approvingly. “Go then. Time to leave.”

Sirius looked at them one more time before nodding and walking to the train.

The moment he stepped in the big and old train, he forgot everything. He forgot he was a Black. He forgot he’d left Reggie behind. He forgot he had duties.

Only thing he could think of was the new things that were ahead of him. All of the people around him could be his friends. His house mates.

Except for him, he thought to himself as a familiar face bumped to him.

“Oh,” he said. “You’re here.”

The other boy looked at him. “Of course I am.” He said with a funny look on his face. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

Sirius rolled his eyes. “I always thought you would be a squib. That’s what mum says. When your blood gets mixed with muggle blood it loses its magic. And you are a half-blood. A traitor, even.”

Other boy looked furious. But the ginger girl standing next to him was even more furious. Her face was almost in the color of her hair.

“That’s ridiculous. Your blood had nothing to do with the quantity or the quality of your magic.” She spat out.

Sirius frowned. “It doesn’t?” He asked, genuinely confused. The girl, whoever took his confusion the wrong way.

“You are a lunatic. Ignorant. Let’s go Sev. He’s not worth it.”

The boy she called “Sev” opened his mouth to say something but Sirius’s mind was too occupied with thinking what did he’d said wrong.

When they left -the girl had pulled boy by his arm and dragged him away- Sirius found himself standing alone in the empty corridor.

He looked around the compartments. All of them seemed occupied.

Bollocks, he murmured. Now he had to ask someone to sit with them.

His heart started to beat faster with anxiousness. His mum would always tell him to choose his friends carefully.

How was he supposed to know who were the right type of friends?

He walked around, hesitant to open any of the doors.

After walking for a while though, he encountered an open door. He realized the reason why the door was open. Because there was a lady standing in front of it with a trolley. Sirius tried to see what was inside the trolley.

He'd thought the students in the compartment hadn't seen him but he realized he was wrong when he heard a voice inside.

"Looking for someone?" The voice said. Sirius came closer to the door. Now he was standing next to the trolley lady.

"No. I-," he said but couldn't finish his sentence.

The boy with funny hair and round glasses talked, Sirius realized it was same with the voice that first spoke to him. "Oh okay," he said.

Sirius stood there, awkwardly. Was he supposed to ask them if he could go sit with them. To his chance another boy talked.

"We were buying candy." A boy with round face and chubby cheeks talked. "Would you fancy some?"

This was a type of offer Sirius would enjoy. Other boy with glasses talked quickly. "Oh yeah, Of course. Would you want to join us?"

Sirius looked at them. The boy with glasses, the one with chubby cheeks and the third one who hadn't said a word yet.

They seemed alright. His mum hadn't given him specifics of what "right friends" meant so she couldn't have been mad at him for not knowing. As he opened his mouth the trolley lady spoke.

"Come on lads I don't 've got whole day."

Sirius nodded. "Okay I fancy some of those." He pointed a random candy and regretted the second he did that but kept his silence.

Others also bought some stuff before the trolley lady went away.

"I'm James." The boy with glasses spoke. "James Potter."

"I'm Peter Pettigrew." The one with chubby cheeks said but he was barely understandable because his mouth was already occupied with candy.

Sirius thought about these last names. He knew both were pure-bloods. Not the ones his family was close with but still, pure bloods.

He looked at the third boy, eager to learn his name. The boy wasn't looking at him though. He was reading something. A pentagon card with a moving picture on it.

"What's your name?" Sirius asked, taking the boy's attention. He lifted his head up from the card and looked at Sirius with tired looking honey eyes.

"Remus," he paused and added after a second. "Lupin."

Sirius's eyes grew with excitement. "Lupin?" He said. "Any relation to Lyaal Lupin?"

Remus looked uncomfortable. "How do you know him?" He asked, concerned.

"He established the Werewolf Legislation Act. Didn't he? My lads say what a great thing he did."

The boy named Lupin was visibly panicked now. He was squeezing the card in his hand, Sirius realized. His knuckles had turned white. Even whiter than his abnormally pale skin.

"What is that?" He asked. "How do you know about it?"

Sirius, very glad he was going to show off with his knowledge, began to explain. "The Black library is filled with plenty of books."

He was going to continue but James interrupted him. "Bloody hell!" He exclaimed. "The Black Library? Have you been to the Black house? I heard it was a dreary place."

Sirius's face dropped a bit even though he tried to hide it. "I live there." He said, witnessing the look on James's face froze. "I'm Sirius. Sirius Black."

"Bollocks," James said. "Sorry mate. Didn't know."

Sirius shrugged, giving them a half smile. "No worries. It is in deed dreary."

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For the next hour no one really talked. Lupin boy was still looking uncomfortable. James looked sad about what he'd said about Sirius's home and Peter was too occupied with eating candy.

When he realized Sirius was looking at him, Peter tossed him a pack of Jelly Slugs.

"You haven't eaten anything. You should try those."

Sirius shook his head. "Mum says candy makes you weak."

Peter chuckled. "Wot? No it doesn't. Candy is the bloody best thing in the world."

This was the second time today that someone was implying that Walpurga Black was wrong about something.

Sirius was hesitant but he didn't want to look like a chicken to his friends so he tried the candies.

In short time, he was very pleased with eating candies. He tasted Jelly Slugs as well as Licorice Wands. They had spent quite a time with trying to figure out every flavour in Bertie Bott's every flavour candies. But the real fun began when they encountered a Quidditch player in a Chocolate Frog card.

Now knowing James Potter was a quidditch fan too, Sirius couldn't seem to shut himself up. The two continued to talk about it the whole way to Hogwarts with occasional comments from Peter whilst Remus Lupin was in complete silence.

Bat Horses and Talking Hats

Chapter Summary

sorting ceremony :)

The four young boys get off the train, all with stomachs filled candy. All of them were amazed of what they were seeing. The glorious castle was ahead of them. All the other students were bickering. They saw lots of young ones following older ones like ducks.

One might expect some pure bloods or half bloods to look less surprised because they were born into Wizarding families. Though, all of the students looked equally amazed by the magic laying in front of them.

“How are we going to go across,” they heard a stranger voice asking. Now they were curious about the answer too. The four boys looked at each other. None of them knew the answer to that.

It was then, when Sirius saw. He pointed his finger to the lake. “Look!” He exclaimed loudly. “Ships!”

A girl’s voice was heard though they could only see her from behind because she had already walked them by. “It’s a boat.”

Other three boys continued to stare at Sirius but he was amazed of what he was seeing. Realizing Sirius wasn’t going to say anything else, the three boys also turned their heads to the lake.

“But how are they moving themselves without anyone directing them?” Peter asked, confused.

“It’s magic.” Remus replied. “We’re at Hogwarts after all.” This was the first thing spoke since the train ride.

“Maybe they are driven by something invisible. I know for a fact that being invisible isn’t that hard.” James talked, excitedly.

But Sirius wasn’t getting all the fuss his friends were making. “Horses,” he said. “Bat Horses.”

James looked even more excited now. “Yeah! So I was right wasn’t I Sirius. It’s directed by invisible horses.”

Sirius frowned. He wasn’t looking at James. His eyes were locked on the big black creatures. They almost looked like they had no flesh. Big horses with bat wings. Black from head to toe.

“Invisible?” He asked.

James didn’t took his question as one though. “Invisible! You must’ve seen their picture right? In your family’s library. So how do they look like?”

Sirius was’t sure what to say to him. He hadn’t seen a picture. He had seen them. Was he seeing a dream? A hallucination?

Maybe he was a squib. He was in a magical place which he wasn’t belong to so it had drove him

crazy. He thought what a disastrous scandal it would be. A Black squib. He would be disowned that's for sure. So he decided to go with James's game.

"Yeah. Totally. I don't recall their names. Though I remember reading something about invisible horses. With huge bat wings. It was quite amazing really." He lied. He was a good liar. It was part of living in the Black household.

"How did they paint a picture if they are invisible?" Peter asked. Sirius's stomach turned upside down. How was he supposed to answer to that?

Luckily enough he didn't had to. Head Boy approached them and told them to get into the boats. So they did. And once, they did they had forgotten all bout the invisible creatures. They were all so keen on seeing the humongous castle ahead of them.

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In short notice they found themselves in the Great Hall.

"It's the ceremony." James said excitedly. "It's starting."

"I have been waiting for this feat since I was 7." Peter laughed happily.

Sirius was beginning to get nervous. The ceremony also meant the sorting ceremony. He knew he would be sorted into Slytherin. It was pretty obvious.

But what if his friends weren't?

James looked too loud and over-sharing comparing his mysterious and dark family -all the Slytherins he knew-. Maybe he would be a Gryffindor.

Peter seemed nice. Way too nice. He was giggling all the time. And also Sirius had realized the small boy would flinch often. A Slytherin would never be afraid, his mum would remind him. So maybe, Peter would be a Hufflepuff.

Sirius was't sure what to think of the Lupin boy. He was rather quiet than the rest of them. But he had this intelligent look on his face that Sirius wasn't sure why. He always had his brows frowned and through the whole road he had spent reading the frog cards. Maybe, just maybe he was a Ravenclaw though something inside Sirius didn't want him to be. He had never seen any Ravenclaw befriending a Slytherin before.

He also realized he had never seen a Slytherin being befriended with any of the houses actually. But it could also be because his family were all Slytherins. For generations.

"Who is that?" Remus asked, pointing at the old man with white beard.

"Armando Dippet," Peter answered. "He has been the headmaster since the 40s. Quite a long time aye?"

"I wonder why is he wearing that ugly hat all the time?" James asked. "Never seen him without one."

Sirius giggled. "My brother and I think he's bald because he's so old."

With what he said James and Peter laughed loudly. Remus looked like he was still trying to figure out what was going on around him.

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"It's starting," James whispered excitedly. "I wonder where we'd end up."

"Hope not Slytherin," Peter said with fear.

"Why?" Lupin asked. He looked genuinely confused.

"They're not that bad," Sirius wanted to defend them because he knew its where he would end up in and didn't want his friends to abandon him because of it.

"I heard most of 'em are, mate." James said with an empty expression on his face.

"My cousin, Andromeda isn't." He said. "She's the nicest person I know. Well, except for my brother but he's only 10 so we don't know his house though I'm pretty sure he would be a Slytherin because all the Black family is."

"Are you a Slytherin?" Remus Lupin asked. From the way he said the word "Slytherin" the boys figured it wasn't a phrase he was used to using.

"Not yet," Sirius explained. "We shall see in a minute."

"There are four houses, we will each be sorted into." James begin to talk to Remus, realizing he wasn't aware of what was happening. "Slytherin, the snakes. Hufflepuff, the badgers. Gryffindors, the lions and Ravenclaws, the eagles."

Remus frowned. He seemed to do that quite often, Sirius thought. "Why is called Ravenclaw if they are eagles?"

Sirius had never thought about that before. Really though, why was it called Ravenclaw if they were eagles?

"What's a Raven?" Peter asked. Before Remus , Sirius answered.

"A bird right?" He directed his question to Lupin. "A black bird, like a crow."

Remus nodded. "Yeah," he said. "Like a crow."

Sirius smiled. He'd liked being assured. It wasn't something he was used to at home.

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So the sorting ceremony began. Sirius watched all his friends being sorted in Gryffindor.

He didn't know a lot of things about his family. But he knew that they wouldn't approve any Gryffindor to be his friends. His heart sunk on his chest. He was feeling overwhelmed as he was waiting for his turn.

Then he heard the headmaster say.

"Black, Sirius." He heard his name. The world around him seemed to stop. He walked to the sorting hat, passing near the Slytherin table. He saw his cousin, Narcissa.

He wished she was Andromeda instead of Narcissa. Maybe then Slytherin would be more tolerable for him.

He stopped breathing when the hat touched his hair.

“Mmmh, another Black,” he heard the hat saying. “We hadn’t seen of you for the last few years.” Hat paused. “You’re sure you belong to Slytherin aye?”

Sirius frowned. Could the hat see inside of his head? If he could then he could also choose the house he wanted to be in.

He could pray the hat to put him into Slytherin, so his parents would be proud.
He could pray the hat to not put him into Slytherin because his friends would think he was evil.

He decided that it was dumb to ask the hat to put him to a specific house. So he thought about what he wanted most and hoped the hat would put him into a house in which he could fulfill those dreams.

Please let me have fun with my friends till I graduate. Please let me have fun with my friends till I graduate. Please let me have fun with my friends till I graduate. Please let me have fun with my friends till I graduate.

“You are a loyal one aren’t you?” The hat said. “You’re just not sure where your loyalties lay.”

Sirius didn’t know what that meant. He was too nervous to think about anything anyway.

“GRYFFINDOR!” The hat shouted.

Sirius froze. This could be the best or worst thing that had ever happened to him and he wasn’t sure which quite yet.

Disappearing in yourself

Chapter Summary

Sirius writes a letter to home...

5th of September, 1971

First four days went by, trying to adjust. Boys were very overwhelmed by classes they were meeting for the first time. Other students they were only beginning to get to know. It was hard. For all of them. But they were quite happy.

Sirius was able to feel the magic for the first time. He had learned that magic was not scary if it's not aimed at darkness.

He was realizing lots of things that his mum told him could be wrong. He'd never thought his mum would be wrong. She seemed like a person who knew everything about everyone. So it was weird for Sirius, to learn there were things beyond what his mum told him.

It was a Sunday. James had convinced them all to go see a Quidditch Practice to spend their day. Since they had no classes, all had agreed.

Peter, Sirius and obviously James knew what to expect but Remus was new to whole game. For the first ten minutes or so he was amazed. Sirius didn't know was it because of the game or because he was strange to the idea of brooms flying.

But after the first ten minutes he had lost interest, Sirius had realized. Though Remus looked off for the whole day so maybe that was why his attention span was so short.

After the Quidditch practice four boys left the field to go to the Great Hall for dinner. They all settled down, Peter being the first one to dig in the food in front of them.

"It was amazing," James was talking cheerful. "It was bloody amazing."

He paused for a second but all three of them knew James wasn't about to end the conversation.

"Wasn't it?" he asked and continued to talk without waiting for an answer. "I want to play. I want to be in the team. Maybe I'll be a chaser. Or a seeker. Seeker is more important right? The whole game revolves around that tiny golden ball after all."

During the whole dinner James continued to talk about Quidditch, and Sirius agreeing with everything he said because he was almost as excited about it as James.

Before they were finished, their head boy ,Oliver Wiseman approached.

"Remus Lupin," he said talking to Remus. "Headmaster Dippet wants to see you."

Sirius looked surprised. So was James and Peter. But Remus on the other hand, looked liked he was expecting such a request. He nodded and left his fork to his plate.

"See you later I guess," he said to others before walking off, following after Oliver.

"Why do you think headmaster called him?" Peter asked. James shrugged. "No idea mate."

Sirius frowned. "Did we see him doing anything that would get himself into trouble?" He asked.

"He doesn't seem like the type." James said. Sirius thought about this for a minute.

Remus was usually quiet which could only meant two things. He was either very dangerous person who plotted mischief all the time, or he was completely harmless and just minding his own business.

Sirius was yet to find out which of these two applied to Lupin.

They continued their meal in silence and when they all got up, James broke the silence. "I want to meet the quidditch captains." He said. "Victoria Randall and Lydia Chant. I want to meet them." He looked excited.

"I'll come with you," Peter said which wasn't odd at all because wherever you found James, you could also find Peter standing by.

The two boys looked at Sirius, eager to hear him say he'd join them.

"I think I'll pass," Sirius said. He wanted to go to his room and write a letter. To Regulus.

He had promised that he would write. He was just so scared because he was sorted into Gryffindor and still had no idea what his parents were thinking on the issue.

"Okay mate." James said. "See you later then."

Just like that, Sirius was alone.

It could be the first time he was alone in the castle since they arrived, he thought to himself.

He walked slowly to go to the Gryffindor tower. He was enjoying every minute he spent in the glamorous castle. Or maybe he was delaying the letter he was scared to write. He wasn't sure which one. He was used to this. Not knowing what his actions meant. Maybe it was because his actions were always controlled by an outer force -his mum- so when he was actually free, he couldn't understand what his meant to him. He was usually a stranger to himself.

He stopped walking when he was interrupted.

"Black sheep of the Black family," the voice said, making Sirius freeze.

"What do you want from me Malfoy?" He asked, looking at Lucius Malfoy. A familiar face he would see in house gatherings. Seven year student at Hogwarts. Boyfriend of Narcissa, his cousin who was also standing there, looking down on Sirius.

"I don't want anything from you dear Sirius," Malfoy said with a fake empathetic tone. "Your family did want a lot of things. You failed the easiest of them. You are sorted into the wrong house."

Sirius frowned. Even though he was so short and young compared to Lucius he felt like he could punch him. "I didn't choose to be in Gryffindor."

Lucius curled his lips as if he was pitying Sirius. "Oh but you see Sirius? You chose your friends. Befriending Potters, the traitors. And a Pettigrew. There is nothing in this world worse than Pettigrews. Disgrace of pureblood they are. Bunch of squibs."

And that other boy? Lupin was it? His father was a smart man I'll give him that but he is a half-blood for merlin's sake. You can't befriend a halfblood."

Lucius looked as if he was continuing to talk but Narcissa stopped him. "Luci I think Sirius knows the purity of his friends. No need to repeat the facts."

"It's worse if he knows," Lucius spat out. "He knows what he's doing wrong yet he continues to do the same."

Sirius tried his best to ignore Lucius. It was hard but Sirius drove his eyes away from him. To his cousin. "Narcissa," he talked with discomfort. "Have you heard from my parents?"

Narcissa avoided the eye contact. Sirius knew that meant yes so he didn't repeat his question even though Narcissa hadn't said a word to answer it.

"What about Reggie?" He asked.

"Regulus is fine I believe," Narcissa said. And without any other word she walked away. Lucius looked at Sirius for one more time.

"You should be ashamed to have those colors around your neck. If I were your parents I would choke you with that hideous tie."

*

Sirius spent the evening alone at his dorms. Even though it was almost midnight no one had arrived.

He had tried to write a letter to Regulus. For multiple times. But he had failed each time. He didn't even know where to start.

The door opened and Sirius moved the paper pile under his pillow.

"You can't believe where we were!" James said. Seeing the blank expression on Sirius's face he explained. "We were at the Ravenclaw Tower." He said.

"What's exciting about that?" Sirius asked.

James looked as if he was waiting such a question.

"Ravenclaw captain Penelope Wynnvain and our co-captains laid out all their strategies against Slytherin. It was a whole fuss out there.

Apparently Slytherin cheated last year but no one could prove it so they got away with it. But now all other three houses are determined to make them lose this year. So it was tactical planning and stuff. It was so bloody exciting. Can't wait for season to start."

"Oh," Sirius said, half listening what James was saying. "That sounds fun in deed."

Peter talked as he jumped on his bed. "Where is Lupin?" He asked. "Still with the headmaster?"

Sirius shrugged. "No one came here since the evening so I figure he is."

After that the Quidditch talk went on and on until James and Peter fell asleep. Though for Sirius it was quite a long night.

He was used to having long nights, thoughts intervening his brain. But now he didn't have his brother to wake up because he couldn't sleep.

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Sirius ditched his classes on Monday despite everything James had said to convince him. He made up plenty of excuses not to go but only reason was he wanted to write to Regulus. He wanted to get his head on the letter and focus.

Also a part of him didn't want to leave the dorm in case Remus would return. Sirius was awake almost all night but he hadn't heard Remus walking in. Maybe he was in real serious trouble.

After everyone left, the common room he grabbed his paper and Quill.

Dear Reggie,

I know I promised to write to you as soon as I came to Hogwarts but things were quite unexpected.

I was quite unexpected.

I don't know what they say about it back at home but I don't think they're positive things. Don't worry about me. Gryffindor isn't as bad as mum says.

To be honest, most of the things aren't as how mum says they are. You'll see for yourself when you're here.

Please take care of yourself. I would appreciate if you could inform me about the situation in the house.

Sirius.

He had only finished the letter when the portrait opened the common room entrance.

Remus Lupin, who looked very sick and very tired entered.

Sirius got up the chair as soon as he saw his friend.

“Bloody hell,” he said. “Are you alright?” He helped his friend to sit on the couch.

“I’m fine,” Lupin answered shortly.

“You don’t seem fine. Weren’t you with the headmaster? What happened?” Sirius asked, sitting on the same chair he was before Remus came in.

“I was.” Remus mumbled. “He wanted to talk about my schedule. I don’t think I like him though. He’s hard to talk to.”

Sirius looked at the blood stain on Remus’s hand and the fresh scar on his ankle. “Did he do this to you?”

“No!” Remus shook his head quickly. “He did not!” He paused. “I got lost after I left his room.” He said. “Went into the forbidden forest.”

Sirius’s eyes bawled out. “The Forbidden Forest?!” He exclaimed. “Bloody hell. How did you do that?”

Remus shrugged and something in his expression convinced Sirius that it was painful to do so.

“I don’t know it was dark out there. And I tripped. I’m clumsy you know?” He said. “I’ve got lots of marks and scars.” He looked shy while saying that. Sirius could swear he had regretted his last words.

Sirius thought about the marks he had on his back but didn’t say a word.

“Why didn’t you go to the hospital wing?” He asked. “Madame Pomfrey could help for sure.” Sirius offered.

“I don’t want to get myself into trouble with Dippet. Scary one he is.” Remus said. Sirius nodded. He didn’t want to force his friend to do something he didn’t want to do.

Silence was growing and growing, it became awkward. Both of them realized it but Remus was the first to act on it. He stood up quickly and because of his leg, he trembled.

After pulling himself together, “I should go wash my clothes.” He said. Sirius nodded. Remus took a couple of steps and as he was entering the dorm, he looked at Sirius.

“Why didn’t you go to the class again?” He asked.

Sirius shrugged. “Gotta letter to write and homework to catch up.”

Remus looked confused but he didn’t say anything. He simply nodded and said. “Okay.” And added. “I’m in the dormitory if you need me.”

Transfiguration

“Wakey wakey!” James Potter woke them up at the morning. It had been almost two weeks since the classes had started and only thing Sirius hated about Hogwarts was the fact that they had to wake up so early.

“Can we not?” He yelled behind the curtains. Unlucky to his chance, James was very stubborn and had no borders. He opened his curtains wide open, letting the sunshine in.

“No we must leave! You know Pete’s grumpy when he doesn’t have breakfast. So is Remus. We shall go and eat. Because after that we have Transfiguration. You know the professor is McGonagall right? Head of our house.”

Our house, Sirius repeated himself. Gryffindor.

He was a Gryffindor. A lion. Not a snake.

“I don’t like the idea of transfiguration,” Peter squeaked. “Why should we turn something into another when we can directly get the thing we needed in the first place?”

“It’s more than that.” Sirius said. “At least I think it is. It must be.”

He realized he was starting not to make sense as he talked so he shut himself up. He was now awake so he got out of bed, starting to change into his uniform. He picked up the Gryffindor tie. He was a stranger to these colors. His house was painted green and silver all around. His room had Slytherin badges.

He realized he liked these colors. Red, and gold. It was more... Vivid. More alive. Ignoring the discomfort he was feeling ever since he sorted -the fear of not knowing his parent’s reaction and his unanswered letter to Regulus- he completed changing and walked to the common room, to see

all the others were ready to go.

Once they had arrived at the Gryffindor table they all sat down in silence. All of them were hungry. And also, excited. Transfiguration class was what they were excited about. To be specific, it was Minerva McGonagall.

They had heard so much about her. They had seen so much of her around the castle. But yet, they knew so little of her. So they were excited to meet their professor.

“How are you all holding up?” Frank Longbottom said. He was a Gryffindor student, only a year ahead of them. “About to complete your second week aren’t you?”

Sirius nodded enthusiastically. “It’s been great.” He said. “Just didn’t imagine the classes to be this hard.”

Frank grinned. “Oh mate, that’s just a beginning. It only gets harder from now on.”

“Bollocks,” James cursed. He really looked scared of the thought.

“Which classes you’ve got for the day?” Frank asked, he looked eager to start a conversation.

“Transfiguration.” Peter answered. “James says we’ll meet McGonagall.”

“Oh you will,” Frank smiled mischievously. Sirius suspected he knew something more than they did.

“Frank?” A voice said. It was Remus Lupin. “Can I ask you something?”

This surprised Sirius. Of course, Remus had talked to them since they met. But most of the times were when he was talked to. It was quite rare that he would start a conversation. Especially to ask something.

“Course mate,” Frank encouraged him.

“Is there a library? In the castle I mean?” Remus asked. Frank frowned.

“You have never been to the library? It’s bloody amazing. You should all go see it.”

Remus nodded. “Thanks,” he said simply. “Where is it?”

Frank explained the directions to him whilst Remus Lupin listened carefully.

After the breakfast 4 young boys hurried to the transfiguration class.

“Are we late?” James asked before entering the classroom. He was the least out of breath amongst the others.

“We are?” Peter asked, looking a little panicked. His chubby cheeks had turned red and there were fright in his light blue eyes.

“I don’t think so.” Remus Lupin talked. He was trying to catch his breath. “We hadn’t heard the class bell did we?”

“We must’ve missed it as we were running. No one is around, they must be in class.” Sirius said, though he was still uncertain.

“Should we maybe skip it? Better than being late innit?” James offered. Peter’s shoulders dropped.

“Blimey. Was really looking forward to meeting McGonagall.” Peter curled his lips.

They were still trying to decide what to do when Lily Evans, girl Sirius met on train also happened to be in Gryffindor- stood near them. She was also with Alice Fortescue and Marlene McKinnon, also first year Gryffindors.

“Why are you lot standing there? Class is about to start? Don't be late. I heard Professor McGonagall doesn't like ones who're late. I have no desire losing points because of you."

"So you say the class hasn't started yet?" James asked in surprise.

Lily Evans rolled her eyes. "Are you deaf? The bell hasn't even rung." she looked at her pocket watch. "It will. In just a second."

And she was right. Shortly after she closed her mouth, the bell rang. Lily, Marlene and Alice walked away one by one, entering the class.

"Noisy one she is," Sirius commented. Still thinking about their weird encounter in the train.

"Not just noisy too. Arrogant also." James approved Sirius. They looked like they were about to continue criticizing Lily Evans until Peter interrupted them.

"I think we really will be late if we continue to stand here."

Remus shrugged. "We would see Professor walking in the class though wouldn't we? The bell rang just now after all."

As always, Remus Lupin was the one to point out details, Sirius thought to himself. Ever since they met, Remus would always make points the other couldn't realize.

"Yeah we would," Sirius felt the urge to approve.

"Let's not risk it though," James offered and took a step towards the class. He added "Maybe she's invisible," he said before walking in.

The other three boys didn't say anything else and followed right after only to see a cat standing in the teacher's desk.

"See?" Sirius said, hoping Lily Evans would overhear. "We're not late."

The boys settled down to the desks they found empty. They were sitting in pairs of two. Sirius with James and Peter with Remus.

They waited and waited in silence but there were no signs of the professor.

"Maybe she should've been here on time instead of telling her students to do so." Sirius whispered to James, who started to laugh.

They continued to laugh even though both were aware of the stares they were getting from Evans and her friends.

The cat slowly walked and jumped on their desk, causing Sirius to sneeze.

"Bloody hell," he cursed. "I don't think I've ever been close to a cat before. I might be allergic," he sneezed again. And again.

He wouldn't curse at home. He wouldn't even know the meanings. He was raised in a very distinguished house. But, Potter, Lupin and Pettigrew was cursing so much that he had caught up on most of them in only one week.

The Cat jumped off the desk and without others understanding what was happening, it turned into someone. To, someone they knew. Minerva McGonagall.

Sirius held his breath in shock and heard James whisper "Merlin's beard."

Minerva McGonagall looked at all of them. Each of them. One by one.

"Punctuality, is an admirable virtue," she said and looked at Sirius, side eyed. "But if there's one thing even more admirable, it's being unprejudiced."

After that she turned her back on the class and started to teach basics of Transfiguration to the class without further ado.

Letter

Chapter Summary

Sirius hears from his brother

September 17th, 1971

The Owl Sirius was waiting for so desperately arrived on a Friday morning, at breakfast.

"Who is it from?" James asked, trying to lean in to see the signature on the letter.

"It's my brother. Regulus." Sirius answered, being honest. He was still holding the envelope, not attempting to open it.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Peter asked as he was drinking his pumpkin juice.

Sirius shook his head negatively. "No, not yet." he said. "I'll read it once we're done with classes."

James frowned. "Oi, weren't we go talk to Madam Hooch for letting us try out for Quidditch?"

He looked at his friend. The letter that had arrived had dropped Sirius's mood but seeing James, the person who he felt closest to in Hogwarts so excited, he didn't want to turn him down. Besides, he wanted to talk to Madam Hooch as well. For himself. Quidditch always seemed exciting and now that he had a friend as enthusiastic -if not more- as him was a great opportunity.

"That's true." He nodded. "We will. Then I'll read the letter at lunch maybe."

Others nodded and approved, not further interrogating.

After the breakfast all walked to the charms class. It wasn't necessarily Sirius's favorite class but it was one of those that would be handy so he tried his best to pay attention.

He clapped loudly and distracted everyone when Remus managed to make the spell before anyone else, he laughed with James when Pete dropped his book he was levitating on his own hand, he helped James make a paper plane that could levitate.

He did all those stuff. He laughed, he had one. He was happy. But even all the laughter wasn't enough to get Regulus's letter out of his mind.

But Sirius didn't read the letter during lunch, though he had told his friends he would do so. He decided that it would be better to do it at night. He was always a type to run away from his problems. He would believe if he ran away fast enough, he might be able to get rid of them.

He never could.

Once their classes were over, James was eager to go talk to Madam Hooch. And so was Sirius.

"Aren't you coming with us?" He asked Remus when he realized the other boy was attempting to go on a different direction.

"I'll pass," Remus answered. "I've got reading to do."

Ever since he had learned the directions to the library, it was impossible to see Lupin without a book. Not just any book, Sirius would see him read about history. History of important wizards and their significances. Also Hogwarts history too.

"Alright then," he said. "See you in the dorms."

"Bye Lupin," Peter said.

"See you lot later," Remus also said before leaving.

“I wonder why doesn’t he ever come with us to anywhere,” Sirius said. “Must suck for him if he hates us. We have 7 more years to share the same dormitory.”

James shrugged as they were walking to the field. “He doesn’t hate us mate. We could tell if he were.”

“How would we though?” Peter asked, curling his lower lip. He looked like he was considering Sirius’s question. “He seems to avoid us.”

“He does not!” James said. “We spent yesterday evening all together didn’t we. It was fun and games eating all those Bertie Botts. He wouldn’t be there if he hated us.”

Sirius nodded. He was thinking Lupin might hated them because he wasn’t as loud as himself nor James. He wasn’t as talkative as Peter either. Back at home only person Sirius knew didn’t hate him was Regulus. And he would talk. A lot. Really, he wouldn’t stop talking. So wouldn’t Sirius. They would spend hours and hours of talking, debating even. Others wouldn’t though. Others would barely talk to him. He knew they also didn’t quite like him. So Sirius had connected the dots. If you liked someone, you would talk. You would feel comfortable to talk. That’s why he had bonded with James so quickly.

Ever since the first day on the train, James Potter would overshare everything. Compared to Remus Lupin, who talked so little. This was why he was suspecting if the boy hated them.

“I guess so,” he mumbled, still sounding unsure. But he knew there were no point on keeping the conversation going so he didn’t say anything else. Luckily, James was on board of changing the topic.

“Isn’t she just amazing.” James said. He looked like he could drool at any second. His hazel eyes were big with amazement, his lips were curled, admiringly.

“Who is?” Peter asked. He was frowning, letting others know that he couldn’t see anyone to drool over near them.

James pointed his finger to two girls. “Her,” he said. “Victoria Randall...”

Sirius shouted in shock. “The Quidditch Captain?!”

James hit him with his elbow, asking him ‘kindly’ to shut up. Getting the message, Sirius continued to talk in whispers. “Mate she is in 6 six.”

Peter did the math. “That makes her 5 years older than us.”

James didn’t look like he cared. “She’s the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.”

Sirius looked at her. She had chestnut colored hair. Her waves were almost like curls and they were running down her shoulder, reaching her red-gold colored scarf. Her eyes were honey colored. Her nose was very upturned. Way too upturned, Sirius thought to himself. Almost like those weird creatures he saw in a muggle’s movie. The movie was something about a green santa. He couldn’t quite recall. He had only seen a scene from the movie on the tele which was being displayed at the muggle street he once had been in a time when he had sneak out the house.

She had her hands in her robe’s pockets and she was talking casually to her co-captain. Lydia.

Who unlike Victoria’s pale skin, had a chocolatey brown skin. Her hair was dark and straight. Longer than Victoria’s. Her brown eyes reminded Sirius of a cat, which he wasn’t sure was a positive trait.

“Don’t know mate,” he said. “She’s old.”

James still looked amazed. “Don’t give a damn. I swear on Merlin that I’ll get her attention one day.”

Peter squeaked. “Hope not.”

This made Sirius laugh. “Nice one Pete.”

James frowned. “Make fun all you want. We’ll see soon.” He said and walked away, to go near Madam Hooch.

No matter how much they tried, no matter how many words they spoke to talk her into letting them try out for the team, she couldn't be convinced. She wasn't even near to being convinced. Both James and Sirius were disappointed though Peter didn't seem to mind as much as the other two did.

On their way back to the tower, Victoria and Lydia escorted them.

"It's not about you," Lydia said, trying to make them feel better. "There has never been a first year player in any quidditch team, ever before."

"It's probably because no one had the guts to do so." James said, sounding a little too confident. This made the two girls laugh. Sirius caught James's eye looking amazed by Victoria's laugh.

"Generally first years don't know how to fly though, do they. We're pure-bloods. We should be let to try out." Sirius said. This made Lydia frown.

"This has nothing to do with blood purity," she had sounded offended.

Sirius's heart sunk. He wasn't trying to be rude. He wasn't trying to offend her.

"I didn't mean it like that." He tried to explain. "I meant we already know the rules and how to fly so there's no need to waste a year."

Lydia's expression softened but before she could talk, Victoria talked instead. "It's okay Black. As long as you realize your mistake it's fine."

Two girls started to walk in front of them and James used this opportunity to lean down to Sirius's ear and whisper. "She is amazing."

*

When they were back in the dorms, Sirius was once more left alone with his problems. He skipped playing chess with Peter in the common room and walked directly in the dormitory.

He had thought Remus would be there because it was close to the curfew and he would often use their room to read but lucky to Sirius's chance, he was alone in the room.

He opened the letter and saw Regulus's handwriting. Just like his own' Regulus was also writing in cursive. They were taught to do so since they had learned to talk.

Sirius,

I don't think I'll be able to write anymore. I don't think you should either.

I waited a while to return back to your letter, hoping mom wouldn't suspect I was writing an answer. She strictly forbid me to not to.

She says we shall not be speaking to you until you realize and learn from your mistakes.

Hope you're fine there. Home is a little dense lately.

Sorry you're a Gryffindor. Bad chance.

Reggie.

*

Snivellus

Chapter Summary

worst potion partners in history

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! Just wanted to pop out and say hi! I see that my story people are starting to read my story and it makes me so happy <3 I would love to read your comments and opinions about it, just let me know if you please.

Enjoy,

“This is Obscene!” James exclaimed, pacing up and down in the Gryffindor common room. October had arrived already. They had completed their first month as Hogwarts students.

And now their biggest problem was another student. A Slytherin one. One who Sirius had been contradicted with before even they started Hogwarts.

“It’s nothing really,” Peter mumbled between his lips. He wasn’t making any eye contact with rest of his friends.

“It’s not nothing Pete,” Sirius said. “I hate that bloody git. He has no right to make potions class miserable for you.”

Severus Snape, a first year Slytherin was potion partners with Peter, their friend. Peter wasn’t considered as the brightest wizard of their age, this was a fact acknowledged by everyone and Peter’s brightest class wasn’t potions either, as they had seen over the last month.

Snape, on the other hand had a "gift for potions", as Professor Slughorn said. Snape wasn’t the type to accept compliments in a humble way. He had to be a git about it. He had to underestimate Peter, make a fool of him any time he got the chance, doing his best to make him fail the class all

together.

“It can’t go like that for the whole year Pete,” James said, finally he had stoped walking and sat down, grabbing a Bertie Bott’s bean from the box that was sitting next to Remus Lupin, who was reading a book.

“You can’t be his partner for the whole year,” Sirius wholeheartedly agreed. “I bet he smells bad. His hair all greasy. No wonder why he is a Slytherin. Sneaky Snively Snapey Smelly Greasy git he is. Does he really smell as bad as he looks like he does?” He directed his question to Pete but before he could give an answer James had started to chuckle loudly.

“S-Snively.... Snapey... Smelly... G-Greasy...” he repeated Sirius’s adjectives in between his laughter. Sirius joined him while he was laughing and so did Peter. Sirius could swear he had seen Remus Lupin’s lip twitch but the boy was still looking at his book.

“Maybe you should tell Slughorn,” James offered. Peter looked frightened by the idea. Sirius wasn’t very on board with it either.

“Doubt he would act on it mate,” he said. “He’s head of the Slytherin house. Wouldn’t do anything to Snape.”

James accepted he was right. After few seconds he came up with another idea. “Then we should tell head of our house. McGonagall.”

Sirius contradicted with that too. “I doubt Severus would mind anything Professor McGonagall would say. He doesn’t seem like he’d care.”

James dropped his shoulders again. “Bollocks,” he murmured.

Sirius heard a noise he wasn’t sure what. He looked around the room to find the source and saw Remus Lupin, closing his book.

“I used to go to a muggle school you know?” He said, drawing attention to himself and looking shy to do so. “Before Hogwarts I mean.”

Sirius had no idea how a muggle schooled looked. He had no idea what you could learn in there. What good school would do if not for magic?

“There would be a lot of tyrants there. Teachers wouldn’t do anything about it.” He explained. Three other student was focused, listening to him talk. Sirius examined the expression on Lupin’s face. He looked rather uncomfortable by the attention. Sirius could never relate to that, he thought. He liked when people listened as he talked. People had actually listened to him talk for the first time at Hogwarts and he was determined to not lose that.

“We learned to handle those ourselves.” Remus stopped talking.

James leaped forward. “You suggest we beat him?” He sounded excited.

“We would,” Remus said. “Back at home.”

James smiled, proud to know his guess was right. He got disappointed when Remus said, “But no. We won’t beat them. We’re wizards aren’t we?”

“Bloody genius,” Sirius commented. “If he picks up on Pete because he thinks he’s not good, we shall prove them he is.”

Peter hugged himself. “I’m not sure. Wouldn’t it be dangerous? We barely how to cast spells.”

All of them thought about this for a minute. Sirius wanted to teach Severus Snape a lesson. And not just because of Peter. He himself hated him. He was the reason the girls in their house were hating them after all. Lily Evans was friends with him and he was the reason why she hated them. Since all other girls were Lily’s friend, they hated the boys as well.

If his family hated him for being in Gryffindor, then he had to be liked by all the Gryffindors in return to keep the equation standing.

“Bollocks,” James cursed out of nowhere. Sirius looked at him and saw the disgusted expression on his face. “I think I just ate Troll Bogey.”

Sirius gagged by the idea. “How do you even know what a Troll Bogey tastes like?” He asked though he wasn’t sure if he wanted to know the answer.

“That’s it!” Remus exclaimed. It was the first time Sirius had seen him so excited. The boy had jumped on the couch he was sitting down, almost dropping his book. His brown-honey eyes were bawled out. His lips were curled.

“We should make him taste something. So he would be disgusted in the same way we’re disgusted by him.”

“Brilliant!” James talked with amazement. “That’s bloody brilliant.”

Remus, happy that his idea was liked by others, continued to explain. “We could sneak in the kitchens and find house elves who are in charge of the Slytherin table. If we changed the ingredients they used they’d have to eat disgusting things.”

“YES!” Sirius jumped out.

“But wouldn’t all Slytherins be have to eat those? We can’t specifically chant Snape’s food can we?” Peter asked. It was a fair question.

James shrugged. “Not like they all don’t deserve it though,” he said and added. “I hate them more each day as team captains talk about the plays they pulled through last year at quidditch.”

“We should figure out the logistics though.” Remus talked, a little less excited now that he had realized it would be a hard job to do. “We should learn where the kitchens are. We should find a distraction to use to distract elves. And we should find a way to sneak in the kitchens.”

“Kitchens are near the Hufflepuff common room.” Peter talked , being sure of himself.

“We can use dunkbombs for distraction.” Sirius said. “Reggie and I used to make them to cause chaos during family gatherings.”

Remus nodded. “Okay we’re going good.” He said. “One last problem is sneaking in the kitchens.”

Even though Sirius tried his best, he couldn't come up with a solution for that. He was certain Filch could see everywhere. It would be impossible to sneak in to anywhere in the castle without him noticing.

Sirius got distracted when James jumped out of the couch and hurried to the dormitory without saying a word and ignoring the questions they asked.

"Where is he going?" Sirius asked and Peter shrugged.

"No idea."

They didn't have to wait for much longer. James arrived with a box he was holding. He was carrying a huge smile on his face. He looked proud of himself.

After being sure that no one else was in the common room with them, he opened the box. At first, it looked like a robe. A shiny piece of fabric in bright blueish-purple.

"What is that?" Remus asked, trying to see what's inside the box.

James pulled the fabric and put it on his shoulders. And just like that, Sirius knew exactly what it was.

"Merlin's beard!" He whispered. "It's an invisibility cloak."

mischevious

Chapter Summary

marauders discover pranks

Chapter Notes

slightly short chapter but i hope you enjoy

October 4, 1971

Boys had spent the first three days of October trying to come up with plans. Sirius and James had decided that it would be smart to pull the prank on a Monday morning. This way they would have time to prepare Sunday evening.

So they had. They had sneak in the kitchens, replaced Slytherin's eggs with the rotten ones they had charmed in the dorms themselves. Had found and successfully casted -by chance- a charm to diminish the smell so they would look like regular eggs.

Only problem was that Remus Lupin had left after dinner saying he had something to handle and hadn't returned for the actual job. "I might be late," he had said. "Don't worry for me. Go for the prank. You all know what to do anyway."

Reluctantly, James, Sirius and Peter had went through with it because Remus hadn't returned all night.

Not just night too. He wasn't here at the breakfast table either. They were quite worried about him now.

"Is he all right?" Peter asked. "Did he got lost in the forest again?" He shivered. The idea of spending a night in the forbidden forest seemed to have scared him.

"I don't think he would get lost." James said. "It had been a month. We know where the forbidden forest is."

"Who is in the forbidden forest?" A fourth voice asked. It was Lily Evans.

"No one," James said. "That's what I was saying. If you eavesdrop, you might as well do it right."

Lilly Evans crossed her arms. "Then where's Lupin?" She asked.

"Not in a place that concerns you." James replied. "Why do you care?"

Lily shrugged. "I do not! I was just asking because if he skips again professors will not be as tolerable as last time he did. I don't want to lose house points."

James looked like he wanted to say something else but got interrupted by the gagging sounds from the Slytherin table.

Sirius couldn't help it but laugh. So did James. So did Peter. And soon enough, so did every other student except for the Slytherins.

"Does this have anything to do with Lupin's disappearance?" Evans asked, interrogating them.

"No!" James shouted but he didn't sound convincing. "Why would you think that?"

Lily Evans were red, head to toe with anger. "We shall see soon shan't we?" She said before storming away.

"This is brilliant," Sirius chuckled, seeing people at the Slytherin table trying their best not to throw up. "This is bloody brilliant."

*

They didn't see Remus Lupin until that night. He came in the dormitory, looking very sick. Maybe even worse than the last time Sirius had seen him like that.

"Are you all right?" Peter asked as soon as he saw him.

"I am." He said. "Sorry I couldn't make it in time for the prank. I was at the hospital wing," he explained.

"Hospital wing?" James asked, sounding a little concerned. Remus nodded as he was sitting down. Sirius realized the bandage in his hand. He didn't know what caused it but he didn't want to ask. He could guess the boy wouldn't be pleased to give an answer. He knew it because he also didn't like talking about his scars. The ones on his back.

All of them looked like they had more things to ask to Remus but he changed the topic.

"How'd it go?" He asked.

Sirius, James and Peter explained every detail from the previous night and breakfast. All of them laughed. Remus a little less than others. He looked like he was in pain every time. But they all did.

"You should've been there," James commented in between his laughter. "It was amazing. Really."

Remus gave him half a smile. "It's all right mate."

Sirius was now feeling a little upset. "It was your idea after all. Would be nice if you were there to see it happen."

Remus shrugged as response. "Then we'll have to pull another one." He smiled mischievously. "You know, so that I can be there too."

All of them looked thrilled by the idea. Sirius had liked annoying Slytherins. He had liked being the reason behind everyone in the Great Hall's laughter.

"Maybe we should form a club." James suggested. "A brotherhood."

Sirius nodded approvingly. He had fancied the idea of having 3 brothers. Especially now, when he was feeling as if he had lost his own.

"We could take an oath. Protect each other. All the time." He suggested. This made Peter smile a

bit. He knew he was usually the only one who needed protection.

“But aren’t we already a club?” Remus asked. Sirius looked at him. Their eyes met. A couple days ago from this, Sirius thought Remus hated them. So a reaction like this meant a lot to him. So he smiled.

“We are?” He asked, somewhat shyly. However the answer he was waiting for didn’t come from Remus. James talked instead of him.

“I think we are.” He said. “We just should name it.”

“Name it?” Remus asked. “Like a sorority?”

Sirius frowned. He had never heard that word before. “Soro- what?” He asked. Remus laughed. Sirius was still trying to get used to seeing Remus laugh. He happened to do it quite often today unlike the usual.

“It’s a muggle thing. At muggle universities. Like a club. A secret one.” He explained.

“We should form our own sorority then,” Peter squeaked happily. “To show Snviellus and his friends that we have each other’s backs.

James smiled. “Do you recall Filch yelling ‘Which of you marauders did that?’ Maybe that could be our brotherhood’s name. The Marauders.”

“Nice one James.” Sirius smiled. He saw others smile too.

*

Halloween

Chapter Summary

halloween 1971 <3

After the prank newly named marauders pulled, everyone in the Slytherin house was pissed. But neither them, nor the professors could detect who was behind it. Though all 4 boys knew Snivellus -also newly named- suspected them. Even Lily Evans had confronted them about it. She looked very determined to prove them guilty until her friend Marlene McKinnon stopped her by telling her she would make them lose points and the prank was quite funny and well deserved.

Besides the prank, one of their agenda was James's developing crush on Victoria. Sirius couldn't figure out if he was going to the field every day for Quidditch or her. Either way, James spent most of his time at the Quidditch field, Sirius and Peter usually joining him.

Classes were hard of course. They were getting harder each week. Sirius enjoyed transfiguration and charms the most. Simply because he could only imagine the things he would be able to do if he mastered them. His least favorite had become history and potions. Potions because Slughorn was taking side of Snivelly every time a problem occurred and history simply because it was boring. Only person who he saw enjoying history was Lupin and Sirius thought he was weird for that.

Things were steady in the Gryffindor common room. The first year girls Alice, Lily and Marlene would be studying in the common room. Victoria and Lydia would be talking about Quidditch to James. Frank would help the younger girls study sometimes. He would be joined by other two years time to time. Peter would play chess with Sirius and Lupin would read.

Time was going by so slow yet so fast. Things would change occasionally but one thing that remained the same was the lack of letters Sirius would receive. He had never attempted to sent another owl to Regulus and he had never received one. Christmas was in two months and he was frightened to go back home. His birthday had almost arrived but he knew not to expect a card.

"Halloween is next week," Sirius said out of nowhere on a Saturday evening. They were sitting next to the fireplace, eating candy that Peter's mum had sent. "Maybe we should pull another prank." He paused before adding. "You know, a one that includes Remus too."

He saw James get excited. "Another marauders prank." He said.

"Another marauders prank." Sirius approved.

They spent the rest of the day plotting. They spent the rest of the week plotting. They had decided that it would be better if they included all students to their new prank. This one would be out of fun, not out of revenge.

The day of the Halloween came. James waked them all up, announcing that it was time. Usually Sirius would be the hardest to wake up in the mornings but that day the title belonged to Remus. He looked tired. Really tired. His body looked weak.

“Is everything all right with you?” Sirius asked him as the boys were getting ready. Remus looked at him for a second before glancing away. He shrugged. “I’m all right. Though I think I might get sick again. I can feel it.”

James interrupted. “Do you have a special condition?” He asked empathetically. “You seem to get sick quite often. Maybe we can ask McGonagall to ask about it to someone from St. Edmunds.”

Remus looked visibly uncomfortable. “It’s fine mate really. I think I might have migraine.”

Peter frowned. He didn’t know what that meant. Neither did any of the other pure bloods. “What is that?”

“It’s gives you headache time to time, a muggle thing.”

“I’m sure there’s a solution in magic. I never heard any wizards get regular headaches,” Sirius said. He was trying to help his friend because if Remus got sick often, he could miss out the fun they could have together. Just like the first prank.

“Just leave it aye,” Remus sounded bored. And somewhat upset.

James and Sirius shared a look. A little surprised, a little offended too. Neither of them said anything about it. Instead they went on with their day. Attending classes, bickering with first year girls. Remus was a little off for the whole day and his mood had affected others as well.

The silence between boys lasted until dinner. Dinner, was when they would strike.

Hogwarts was full of ghosts. The friendly ones. The ones they knew of.

But ever since they had learned levitating, the boys would scare each other with ghosts the bed sheets they had levitated.

Now that they had also learned how to sneak into any place where they wanted to, they had endless possibilities. Endless sheet facilities.

“It’s a ghost.” A Hufflepuff pointed at the white creature flying around the great hall.

“It’s most certainly not a ghost,” Nearly Headless Nick objected. “I’ll prove,” he attempted to catch the thing flying around. He couldn’t.

The white ghost and the actual ghost started to play tag your it. The white ghost was soon enough attended by its copies. Now three white ghosts were after Nearly Headless Nick.

“You’re gonna be haunted. You’re gonna be haunted. You’re gonna be haunted.” Peeves was singing cheerfully, mocking Nearly Headless Nick.

None of the students could comprehend what was happening. Everyone seemed confused. Everyone but 4 sneaky ones.

The students screamed at once when they heard a bombing sound. They looked at the pumpkin decors, blasting and splashing around.

No one had heard Remus Lupin whispering , Bombarda

The chaos spread around soon enough. Pumpkins splashing everywhere, Nearly Headless Nick screaming, Ghosts destroying the food on the table. Some students laughing, some screaming. Peeves getting advantage of the chaos and adding to it. Filch out of his mind, trying to find who

was responsible.

“Gallopin’ gorgons this is amazing.” James said with joy. “Halloween might be my favorite holiday now.”

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